

The People's Press

VOL. XXIII.

SALEM, N. C., AUGUST 5, 1875.

NO. 31.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, \$2.00
" " six months, 1.00
" " three months, .75

Original Tale.

IRENE PAGE;

OR, THE VARYING SCENES OF A LIFETIME.

BY ELSIE GARNETTE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

A GATHERING CLOUD.

"Alas! when fateful passion claims the heart,
Or sordid interest rules the will,
How many a heart we may make sad!
How many a home with sorrow fill!"

"Surely it must have been!" exclaimed a handsome, dark-eyed man, as he sat in his room the evening of Irene's departure, "yet how could it be possible? I must know the truth of this. I will go to old Dover's cottage, and see what I can find out. I know she is there; for I watched Ingram, and I know he carried her there. Though her fortune is gone I will have her, and then won't I pay her for all her flirting? Ha! ha! let me away."

So saying, he arose, and quaffed an inebriating draught, then went out on his fiendish mission.

A short distance from the house he came near meeting Roland Ingram, as he went away, but he plunged quickly into the woods, and was not observed.

"Floods, flames and furies!" he exclaimed, "if I didn't come near spoiling it all. If that monkey had seen me! but he didn't, so I must proceed."

He arrived at the cottage, and crept stealthily around until he learned the room which contained the object of his search, and he then seated himself until all was still in the house; then arising he climbed noiselessly to the window and gazed in.

All doubt was then removed; for there, on a low couch, lay Irene, with one delicate white hand laying gently on the snowy counterpane, while the other supported her fair soft cheek.

A demonic smile of exultation crossed his face as he descended and made his way quickly back to his room.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he cried, as he seated himself again by the fire, "fortune is surely in my favor this time. What a lucky thing it was for me that I went out this evening. But how shall I proceed. Ah! thanks to my skillful brain, I have it already. I will keep a good lookout until she has recovered, and then I will write a hasty note, in Ingram's name, telling her to meet him some certain night, at a stated place, as he has something of importance to communicate to her. Her curiosity will be excited, and of course she will go. Then, hurrah for me, I will have a place provided for her, and a horse in readiness, and I will conduct my pretty bird there, and make her my wife, or make her think so. Dear life, won't she toss that proud head of hers when she sees me, but little will I care; she will be in my power, and no powers of earth or hell shall ever take her from me again."

Reader, do you ask who this cold-blooded villain is? It is no other than SEATON RAY. Do not shudder with superstitious horror. It is no ghost, nor spectre from the tombs. Although he was left by the injured Ingram for dead, he had received but a slight wound; but his base, cowardly heart felt the injuries he had inflicted on Roland Ingram, and he truly feared him, and he concealed himself until he heard of the failure of Col. Page, and he then departed for the city of P—, where he plunged recklessly into all the crimes and dissipation which usually follow a fiendish passion disappointed, or an eager avaricious ambition unsatisfied.

But here with many sighs we leave him, floating swiftly down the current of sin—yes, hurrying on with fearful strides to that brink, from which so many immortal beings have plunged into the faithless gulf of perdition.

Two months passed, and still Irene remained at Dover cottage. The dark, cold clouds of winter were gone, and the gentle zephyrs and pleasant sunshine of spring cast gladness over the earth. In the pleasant society of the gentle Ella, and the kind parental tenderness of Mr. and Mrs. Dover she became almost happy. The sisterly tenderness she felt for Ella, and the quiet pleasantness of the cottage and its surroundings, soothed her mind and her face wore an expression of pleasing melancholy instead of the proud, haughty air, or the look of sullen grief and endurance that it had worn in by-gone days.

She had become familiar with all the wild walks of the surrounding country, and her chief amusement was to wander among the sublime scenery of nature; sometimes with Ella, and sometimes with no companion save a book. She would wander to the side of a brook which wound its silvery way through the beautiful grounds in the rear of the cottage, and seating herself on a rude bench, "neath a spreading willow, she would experience a degree of tranquility never known to her before. On arising one morning she observed a note on the sill of her window and picking it up she read as follows:

"DEAR IRENE:
A matter of vast importance to your self induces me to urge you to meet me, to-night, by the side of your favorite brook. Come, sure to meet
ROLAND INGRAM."

Irene's face paled as she read, and all that day her mind was busy picturing scenes of coming distress. Her melancholy was observed by her friends, but they attributed it to her former distress and said nothing.

At length the sun finished his course and sank in solemn grandeur beneath the western hills, and Irene again went out to meet her

wild, wandering, though kind and loving brother. Alas! unconscious one, how little she knew what a dark and dreadful enemy she would meet. When she arrived all was still, save the cheery chirp of insects and the solemn purr of the gentle brook, and she seated herself on the bench which she had often occupied, to await the coming of her brother. She had sat but a few moments when she heard footsteps advancing and quickly she was enveloped in a heavy cloak. She endeavored to shriek, but her utterance was impeded and she felt herself borne quickly along. At length she came to a stop, and she was placed in a low and scantily furnished room. At first her powers of endurance almost gave way, and her frightened imagination presented such doleful pictures of future distress that sleep was impossible; but wearied nature at length triumphed and she sank upon her mean couch, and sleep wooed her to his embrace. Thus we will leave her for a time and return to Dover Cottage.

The following morning the family noticed that Irene did not arise as early as usual, but they paid no attention to it until the breakfast hour arrived and still she did not appear, and Ella flew to her room, but soon returned, pale and trembling, stating that she was not there, neither had her bed been occupied the previous night. Terror immediately seized upon the hearts of all, and the house, grounds, and, at length, the whole city was searched, but with no success. Ella's grief was almost unbounded, and she wandered sadly through the grounds she had so often enjoyed with Irene. As she walked slowly along, she observed Roland Ingram some distance from her, flying quickly after him she cried:

"Tell me, in mercy tell me, strange individual, if you know anything of Irene?"

"Of Irene," he answered in surprise, "is she not with you?"

"She has been," replied Ella, "until last night. She retired somewhat melancholy, and on going to her room, this morning, we found it had not been occupied. We have searched everywhere for her, but can find no trace of her. Cannot you give us some intelligence?"

"I do not know anything of her," he answered, "but you may return and rest satisfied I will find her. Farewell, sweet girl, if you are ever in distress come to me at my cave by yonder brook, and I will befriend you. I was your mother's friend, I will also be yours."

"Tell me, I beg you," she said, "something of my mother's history before I go."

Accordingly he led her to a seat, and gave her a brief history of her mother's life, and then they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

IRENE'S RELEASE.

The morning after Irene's imprisonment, she arose from her miserable bed just as the first dawn of day gilded the eastern horizon. She had not disturbed herself the previous night, and consequently had no toilet to make, and she proceeded to examine her room. She walked to the door, but shuddered as she found it securely fastened. She then proceeded to the only window the room contained, and found it fastened also. For some time she stood gazing out through the small, dirty window, at the earth, her whole soul bathed in meditation; but alas! her thoughts were not clothed in the brilliant hue of joyous anticipation, but in the sombre garb of dismal, dread uncertainty. She had remained thus for some time when the door opened and Seaton Ray entered. Her face paled and she almost sank to the floor, but he approached and grasped her hand as he exclaimed in a light tone:

"Good morning, cousin Irene; it has been some time since we met—but, dear me! you needn't look so horrified. I am no ghost! Ha! ha! you thought I was dead, did you? Not yet—but come, you don't look a bit glad to see a body, while I am perfectly delighted to see my proud little cousin once more."

At these words the expression of horror that at first overspread her countenance faded, and in its place came one more scornfully cold than she had ever worn in former days, and she replied:

"No, sir! I am not glad to see you, and I would be greatly obliged if I were relieved of your presence."

"Really," he answered in a sneering tone, "you seem to be in a very fine humor this morning; but come, be seated, and let's talk of old times."

"Villain," she sneered, "leave me immediately, or I shall quit the room."

"Not so fast, my little lady, and for the excellent reason that you cannot."

"Seaton Ray, you surely do not intend to hold me in confinement?"

"Yes, ma'am, I intend to do precisely that thing, until you promise to become my wife."

"Your wife!" she exclaimed, "then be assured I will remain sometime, for I never will, under any circumstances, marry such a base, cowardly villain as you."

"Just as you choose, madam," he replied, and with a demonic smile, he withdrew.

When left alone Irene abandoned herself to the full tide of her grief, and wept long and bitterly; but hope, the sweet soother of our sorrows, cast its shadow over her grief, and she became composed just as a stout negro woman entered with her breakfast. It was nicely prepared and she partook heartily of it, and felt much revived. With remarkable heroism she nerved herself to endurance, and resolved to await with patience the coming of future events, and she spent the first long weary day as best she could. Towards night she walked to the window and gazed out. The sun had risen in the morning in all his gorgeous splendor, but towards noon a dark, angry cloud obscured its lustre, and as she gazed the large drops of rain came swiftly to the ground.

"Ah!" she murmured, as her thoughts rolled back over the chasm of a few years, "how emblematical of my life."

"In youth's fair morn my heart was gay;
No shadows darkened my life's clear sky;
No blighting breath of sorrow's blast;
No storms and tempests gathered nigh."

But soon affliction's dark'ning cloud,
In sombre garments robed the sky;
Wild, fiercely blew the beating rain;
The wind went roaring swiftly by."

And now though spring smiles o'er the earth,
Though birds and bees so sweetly sing,
They can, to such a heart as mine,
No thrill of joy or pleasure bring.

I smile not now—though earth is fair,
My life's so dark, so very sad,
I cannot love as once I loved,
The music of the free and glad.

But shall I grieve o'er pleasures gone;
O'er scenes that can return no more?
Rather regret I did not choose
A wiser course in days of yore.

I did not heed the accents sweet,
"Ye children, early come to me;
I'll guide your feet, I'll light your path,
All needful things I'll give to thee."

But now, through sorrow's land, rough voice,
I hear a call to flee from sin,
I'll go! I'll seek the Saviour's side,
A crown of life I'll strive to win."

As these thoughts rolled through her mind, like many a guilty, penitent, she cried: "Lord, save or I perish!" and she sank upon her knees and long and earnest was her prayer; but through the intercession of a crucified Saviour she found pardon at length, and in the divine felicity of that hour she feared no ill.

"No," she cried, "though all the world looks dark, I will look to Jesus and smile."

With the holy enthusiasm of a youthful Christian, she turned and began to prepare to retire, as it was then growing late. As she stood by a small table she heard a light rap on the window, and looking quickly up she beheld her wandering brother.

A thrill of joy passed over her frame and she flew to meet him, and was going to speak, but he motioned her to be silent and immediately disappeared. She heard a noise at her side directly, and soon one of the logs in the wall moved and fell to the ground. Another soon shared its fate, and then Roland grasped her by the arm and hurried her out and along through the open air, until they came to a dense thicket which seemed to enclose the house. Through this also they made their way rapidly, and soon reached the open road. Roland, seeing that she was growing weary, took her with respectful delicacy, in his arms and bore her swiftly along till they reached a certain spot by the side of a brook.

Irene imagined she had seen the place in some dim remembered scene of the past, but she knew not when and consequently said nothing. Roland placed her on the ground and after looking carefully around, to see that they were not observed, he raised a large flat rock, thus displaying a pair of steps that led to his home. She shuddered slightly as he took her hand to lead her down, but she trusted him and proceeded. When they were comfortably seated in this subterranean apartment, he inquired minutely into all the circumstances connected with her being carried off, and his eye flashed as he heard her recital; but he only bade her rest easy, as nothing should ever harm her while he had life, and he soon arose and, lighting a huge candle he showed her through a small door, into another room, where she found a neat looking bed, and he told her to retire and seek rest. As she was "tired and sleepy too" she did as she was requested and slept soundly and quietly until a late hour the next morning.

When she awoke she arose and hastily prepared her toilet and entered the other room, where she found a neat and wholesome breakfast, prepared by the dark, rough hand of her wild, wandering brother, who sat in the corner awaiting her coming. After a few words of greeting they seated themselves and partook heartily of the substantial food before them. After breakfast Irene insisted that she should clear away the table and did so, while Roland went out for some game, which he gaily told her was in honor of her coming. Both seemed delighted with the novelty of their situation, and conversed pleasantly until they had prepared and eaten their dinners, and then Roland observed that, according to promise, he must go out and inform Ella Graham that he had succeeded in finding her.

"Ella Graham!" exclaimed Irene, "can it be possible that I am near her again?"

"Certainly," he replied, "you are very near; but you must remain here, lest you are discovered again. After you were gone Ella came to me, in an agony of grief, and begged me to find you, and I started immediately. I had searched but a short time when I suddenly encountered that arch-fiend, Seaton Ray, as he went to torment you. I knew immediately, in whose power you were, and I followed him until night, and the rest you know. Do not feel uneasy; no one will find you here but Ella. I will go now and bring her to you."

He soon returned, and, sure enough, Ella came with him. The two were in ecstasies at meeting each other, and spent an hour quite pleasantly, and then Ella went out and returned to her home, promising to call again soon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME GOOD HINTS.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph offers the following hints:

"It doesn't pay to re-set thin wheel-tires. The chief strength of the wheel lies in the rim."

"There is great economy in soaking the fellows of business-wagon wheels with raw linseed oil; it will preserve the wood and save the necessity of frequent tire setting, an operation to be avoided."

"When you buy a new fork or hoe, good farming requires that you oil the handle. It costs but a trifle, and your tool looks better, and will wear longer."

"Good harness kept soft with neatfoot oil is a credit to the owner, and a comfort to the animal that wears it. Soft harness is stronger than a dry, hard one. It is slightly elastic and bends without breaking."

"Horse-stalls are usually made too narrow. A tired horse needs room to turn over and stretch his limbs; fatal injuries come from confining spirited horses in short, narrow stalls. A friend had the best one of a valuable span kicked by a strange horse in a short stall, which broke a leg. A pair of western, handsome horses were bought to take the place of the bays, and one of them in one year knocked down a hip, perhaps by the narrow stall, and is now of trifling value."

WRITERS OF ONE HYMN.

The fame of writers rests on a single production. Defoe was a voluminous author, but "Robinson Crusoe" is all that has come down to us. "The Burial of Sir John Moore" has embalmed the memory of the Rev. Charles Wolf no less than that of the military hero.

It is so in sacred poetry. Take most favorite hymns, and you will find their authors composed nothing so popular. Their genius seems to have been exhausted by a single happy effort. Let us look at a few illustrations:

"Come thou fount of every blessing," was the earliest performance of Robert Robertson, awakened under the preaching of Whitefield. He was unstable, becoming Methodist, Independent, Baptist, and finally dying an avowed Socinian, in 1790.

"Rock of ages" is a glorious Christian lyric, and Toplady has left nothing half so precious. He began his ministry among the hills of Devon, in 1778. Toplady was bitter enough in dispute but his spirit lost all its harshness when he tuned the instrument for sacred song.

Few hymns have been more frequently sung at times of special religious feeling than "Come ye sinners poor and needy." Its author was Joseph Hart, born in London, in 1612. He began life as a teacher.

The Rev. Edward Perronet gave to the Church that grand march of the saints, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." His father was a clergyman of the English establishment, but he himself labored under the patronage of Lady Huntington, who died in 1792.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," has probably touched more hearts than any other modern hymn. Sarah Fuller Flower, its author, was the younger of the two daughters of Benjamin Flower. In 1845 she was married to Adams, a civil engineer, and died in 1849, at the age of forty-four. She was buried near Barlow, Essex.

How many weary pilgrims have been cheered in passing through the dark valley by the consolation of "Just as I am, without one plea." Charlotte Elliot was an invalid from early years, and died in 1871. She was the third daughter of Charles Elliott, of Clapham, England.

Timothy Dwight, elected President of Yale College in 1795, prepared four ponderous volumes of theology, which few clergymen take from the shelf. His classic version of the 137th Psalm. "I love thy kingdom, Lord," will perpetuate his memory.

A few years ago, in New York, Phoebe Cary died of consumption, at the age of forty-six. She and her sister Alice were both graceful poets. "One sweetly solemn thought," written by Phoebe, in its pensive sadness touches the heart like a dirge.

THE HISTORY OF "ZERO."

It may be worth while to say that the word "zero," "zero" comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty—hence, nothing. In expressions like "90 deg. Fahr.," the abbreviation stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Danzig, on the shores of the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit.

From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest that "the oldest inhabitant" could remember, Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree "zero," and constructed a thermometer or a rude weather glass, with a scale graduated up from the zero, to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32. Because as he thought, Mercury contracted the 32d of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero; and expanded 180th of its value on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when "zero" is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally.—Northern Advocate.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.
In Thacher's Military Journal under date of December, 1777, is a note containing the identical "first prayer in congress" made by Rev. Jacob Puchee, a gentleman of great eloquence. Here it is, an historical curiosity: "O, Lord, our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who doest from thy Throne behold all the dwellers of the earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the Kingdoms, Empires, and governments; look down in mercy, we beseech Thee, on these American States, who have fled to Thee from the rod of the oppressor and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on Thee. To Thee do they look up for that countenance and support which their alone cannot give. Take them, therefore, Heavenly Father, under thy untiring care, give them wisdom in council and valor in the field. Defeat the malicious designs of our adversaries; convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause, and let thy spirit persist in a sanguinary purpose. Oh! let the voice of Thine own unerring Justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unrevoked hands, in the day of battle. Be thou present, O, God of Wisdom, and direct the council of this honorable assembly. Enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation; that the scenes of blood may be speedily closed, and order, harmony and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety prevail, and flourish among Thy people. Preserve

the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down upon them and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world to come. All this we ask, in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy son, our Savior. Amen.

ROMANCE IN KANSAS.

One of the main tributaries of the Little Arkansas river is called Running Turkey Creek, at the mouth of which is Jim Geary's ranch, an old and somewhat notorious stopping place in the days when Government provisions were hauled from Fort Harker to the Indian Territory by means of bull and mule teams. Among the early settlers was a family from Ohio named Falconer which consisted of Robert Falconer, his wife Sarah, and an only daughter, Bessie, at this time, about seventeen years old. The young girl was engaged to a young farmer, and had nothing happened would have been married on last Friday evening. The time for the marriage arrived, so did the bridegroom and invited guests, but strange, no bride appeared. Her parents, supposing she was in her room, went to the room to warn her that the time for the ceremony had arrived, when they found the room empty. It was early evening and not yet dusk, so they walked to the window to endeavor to discover the truant. Their horror may be imagined when they saw rapidly disappearing through the timber on the creek bank, a man carrying in his arms the form of a young girl, which from the dress, they immediately recognized as that of their daughter.

In an instant the alarm was given, and the whole party, well armed, started in pursuit. Within a few minutes they were within gunshot of the fugitive, but were unable to use their weapons in consequence of his shielding his body with the loved form of the bride elect. The young lover was almost frantic, and in his frenzy appeared to have gained the fleetness of the antelope. Overtaking the almost breathless abductor, he seized him, and after a brief struggle wrested the girl from him, at the same time discovering that the abductor was a Cheyenne Indian who had been around the neighborhood for a year or two. At the same time the farmer regained his sweetheart the savage with an ear-like wriggle escaped from his hold and started on a keen run down the creek. The pursuers, however, were too much for him, and one of their number brought him to the ground by means of a well-aimed bullet from a needle-gun. It was soon ascertained that the red man was only wounded in the thigh. He was then taken prisoner and lodged in a neighboring dugout, from which by some means he escaped during the night, carrying the needle-gun ball in his thigh, and has not since been heard of although a diligent search has been made by the friends of the young lady, whose wedding has been indefinitely postponed in consequence of an attack of brain fever, the result of the fright she received.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald, July 1.

NEW YORK DRY GOODS TRADE.

JULY 13.—Business was not altogether so brisk to-day as might have been expected from the appearance of things yesterday. The causes assigned were various. Some blamed Saratoga and Cape May, but consoled themselves with the idea that when the great dry goods race came off it would be very much more interesting than the rapid evolutions of white-winged yachts or athletic scions of our seats of learning. That painting and white-washing was generally prevalent in order to garnish forth attractive stores was also instanced as a possible reason for the comparative slackness.

In prints there was moderate activity, few new fall styles being yet exhibited, and the lower priced chocolates going off rapidly.

Print cloths were held firmly at 54c. for extra, and as no one appeared disposed to offer more than 5c. transactions were few and unimportant. Several mills have stopped recently, and there is no disposition to hold on to stock. There is no extensive quantity of goods on hand, and the prices are anything but remunerative. Manufacturers are preparing for a strike of the operatives within the next six or seven weeks. It is ruinous, they say, to run the mills at present prices of goods and high rate of wages, and equally disastrous to stop them for any lengthened period. That the hands should grasp the situation and accept the inevitable reduction of wages is known from experience to be a very unlikely event.

VALUE OF GRASS.

What can be done with grass may be illustrated by a few figures comparing the products of England and France. In France 53 per cent. of the cultivated land is under cereals; in England but 25 per cent. France produces five and a half bushels per acre for her 35,000,000 people; England produces five and one-ninth bushels for each of her 22,000,000. This immense disparity in the produce of each acre is due to the manure furnished by the English grass lands for the cereal crop. In England there are three acres of grass to furnish manure for every one acre of grain; in France less than one acre of grass to make manure for one acre of grain.

The whole grass question, and a good many other questions are summed up in the pithy aphorism put in the mouth of an old farmer:—"No grass, no cattle; no cattle, no manure; no manure, no crops; no crops, no farmers; no farmers, no nothing."—Fine Stock Gazette.

A HINT TO BIRD DESTROYERS.

The grasshopper nuisance, though no doubt exaggerated by some and underrated by others according to their desires concerning the grain markets, or their views of charitable contributions, is undeniably on the increase. Whether the devouring insects are grasshoppers, Rocky Mountain locusts, or other creatures, certain it is that a few years since no such visitations were heard of, and now they threaten to become a standing menace to the foundation of industry of the country. Anything which seriously hinders the production of food is a public misfortune; and so far as human agency creates such hindrance it is a public grievance. The very suggestion that human agency has any hand in producing the grasshopper plague may strike many persons with all the absurdity of novelty; but it appears to be quite true. Those familiar

with the subject declare the main cause of the increase of noxious insects is the slaughter of game. Grouse in particular feed on such insects. For the farmer to kill grouse for food may do little harm; but for years these useful birds have been shot or trapped at the West by wholesale for the Eastern market. At the close of a recent season a Fulton market dealer had seven thousand grouse left unsaleable on his hands—so glutted had the market been by the killing of the farmer's winged helpers. The disappearance of the birds whose food the insects are has of course been followed by the multiplication and spread of the grain destroyers. New York City has had a like experience with smaller birds. As the city grew up, no more was taken to shield the native songsters from harm. They were stoned, shot, frightened; and in various ways they were driven from the town. But they had their revenge. In their place came swarms of disgusting worms, that our feathered friends had been used to eat and keep in check. These creatures devoured every green thing, crawled over broadcloth and silk, penetrated every house, and made Spring loathsome. After a long period of annual disgust the birds were recalled, whereupon, as if by magic, the worms disappeared. Let Western men give up the trade in game; let it be understood that he who engages in it, at least so far as grouse are concerned, is a public enemy, and there will be less to fear than now from grasshoppers.

A WORD FOR BOYS.

A correspondent of Colman's Rural World advises country boys to stick to the farm by all means, assuring them that there is twice the independence in farming that there is in any other trade or profession. Don't believe, he says, because you go to town or the city and see boys dressed finer than you, with faces whiter and smoother than yours, that they are better off. Farmers' boys have more true pleasure as a rule, than town boys. You may have to work hard, but so you would if you were a city clerk; there is no easy place for a boy or a man who expects or has the ambition, to make a mark in the world.

Again, do not imagine, because boys smoke or chew tobacco, that it is manly for it is not; it is a low filthy habit, and one which almost every one will condemn—and even men who have followed the habit for years will tell you they would quit it if they could. Boys sometimes imagine that if they could only learn to smoke or chew, they would be men immediately; but how sick they must first make themselves in order to become slaves to a dirty, filthy habit. It is more manly and honorable to be able to say, "I never had a chew of tobacco in my mouth nor a pipe or cigar between my teeth," the same in reference to drinking intoxicating liquors of all kinds. Farmers' boys if you would be men, let such things alone. Fine clothes and a cigar or a glass of liquor, do not make the man, for the veriest villain on earth may have them; but he cannot have integrity and honesty, which in many cases is found in the meanest rags. Be men, and true at that; but to be such you need never have to be seen in a saloon, nor need you smoke or chew tobacco.

THE END OF THE UNIVERSE.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review makes an effort to show that, although we can in no way time the beginning of the universe, we have much evidence to show that the world began to solidify between one and two hundred of millions of years ago, and that, though we can say nothing as to the end of the universe, the end of this earth, and with it of consciousness upon the earth, is as probable as science can make anything. The reader will surely not be tempted to patient reading by the gloomy conclusion that study of the origin and probable destiny of the universe is useless, because we have from a scientific point of view no date to go upon. In any case all we know is that the sun is going out. If we fall into the sun then we shall be fried. If we go away from the sun, or the sun goes out, then we shall be frozen. So that, so far as the earth is concerned, we have no means of determining what will be the character of the end, but we know that one of these two things must take place in time. But in regard to the whole universe, if we were to travel forward as we have traveled backward in time, consider things as falling, we should finally come to a great central mass, all in one piece, which would send out waves of heat through a perfectly empty ether, and gradually cool itself down. As this mass got cool, it would be deprived of all life or motion. It would be just a mere enormous frozen block in the middle of the ether. But that conclusion is one which we have no right whatever to rest upon. It depends upon the same assumption that the laws of geometry and mechanics are exactly and absolutely true, and that they have continued exactly and absolutely true for ever and ever.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.

Agriculture should be the most ennobling of all vocations. It would be, if farmers cultivated the earth as teachers develop the head and preachers educate the heart. Teachers all aim to train the thoughts and feelings to truth and love, unity and happiness. Farmers should train the earth to produce such crops and fruits, and such only as are conducive to the best health and highest welfare of human beings. Then would their calling be transformed from one of degrading drudgery and internecine toil to one of refinement and luxury. The germinating seeds, the waving grains, the luscious fruits, so suggestive of the source of all life and blessing, and the harvest season, so typical of a resurrection and immortality, ought to make the life an agriculturist a continual pastime. And this would be the farmers' life, if farming was managed as it should be. Farmers have unequalled natural advantages for health strength and longevity. The statistics of disease and the tables of mortality, however, are against them. This is not due to that vocation but to their misuses of it. No class, as a whole, is probably so reckless of health conditions. So far as our acquaintance with the habits of farmers is concerned—and it has been extensive—it compels the conclusion that, as a rule, the dietetic habits of farmers are worse than those of any other class, who have the means of choosing for themselves.—Science of Health.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1875.

JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment. We can furnish, at short notice, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS, DRAFTS, &c., &c.

CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES.

FORSYTH COUNTY.—Col. JOSEPH MASTEN.
STOKES " JOEL F. HILL.
SURREY " JOSEPH DOBSON.
YADKIN " J. A. STEPHENSON.
DAVIE " CHARLES PRICE.
GUILFORD " JOHN A. GILMER.
ROCKINGHAM " NERIEUS MENDENHALL.
DAVIDSON " DAVID S. REID.
J. TURNER MOREHEAD.
CAPT. F. C. ROBBINS.
B. B. ROBERTS, Esq.

AN ELECTION.

For one hundred and twenty delegates to a convention to amend the State Constitution, will be held on the first Thursday of August, 1875. The Convention will meet at Raleigh on the 6th of the following September.

Remember that the election law requires "That when a voter is challenged at the polls on demand of any citizen of the State it shall be the duty of the inspectors of the election to require said voter before being allowed to vote to prove by the oath of some other person known to the judges the fact of his residence for thirty days previous thereto in the county in which he proposes to vote."

Remember also that the election law says "No elector shall be entitled to register or vote in any other precinct or township than the one in which he is an actual or bona fide resident on the day of election, and no certificates of registration shall be given."

If, in spite of protest and challenge, an illegal vote is polled, let the proper authorities be at once made before a proper officer, so that the parties thus illegally voting may at once be arrested and thereby prevented from enjoying the penalty provided by law in such cases. We repeat, let the proper authorities be made and let the parties fraudulently voting be at once arrested.

We issue our paper a few hours earlier this week, so that at least some of our subscribers may receive it on the evening before the election.

CHEERING PROSPECT.

Last night's mail brings us the most encouraging news from every portion of the State. The white Conservatives and Democrats are jubilant, and the Republican leaders are despondent. Their men refuse to dance to the Civil Rights fiddle, and take no interest in the election.

A leading, reliable paper, from the Eastern part of the State, says:

"This is no ordinary election. When members of the Legislature, and State, county and township officers are elected and prove false to your interests, repudiate them, elect better men, and repeal the bad laws they have passed. But not so in this Convention election. The Radicals claim as you know, that the Convention is sovereign, and that the restrictions are not binding. They may disregard all restrictions and frame a constitution to perpetuate their power, to force negro rule upon you forever. And throwing themselves back upon their sovereignty, they may refuse to submit the constitution to the PEOPLE FOR RATIFICATION. They have done more high-handed acts than this, and if you give them the power, they will do so again. It will be too late to complain, after you are bound hand and foot by another Radical constitution, worse than the present one."

A Voice from the East.

As a number of our Republican friends have expressed a desire to hear from the Eastern part of the State, we give below some extracts from a reliable paper, the Wilson Advance:

Remember that the Convention is already called. The question for you to decide is, whether it shall be in the hands of white men, or the Civil Rights party.

Remember, if you stay at home on the day of election, or elect Radical delegates, you will have negro rule in North Carolina, and when fixed upon you in the constitution, you and your children will have to bear it for years to come.

Remember that the Republican party have nominated for delegate to frame a constitution for the State of North Carolina, a negro, in Chowan county, by the name of Page, who in accepting the nomination, said: "If we get a MAJORITY IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, WE WILL GIVE THE WHITE FOLKS HELL, DAMN 'EM."

Remember that every Democratic-Conservative candidate in the State is pledged to abide by the restrictions in the Convention bill, while the Radicals declare they are not binding. The Conservatives if they have a majority, will take an oath not to interfere with the Homestead exemptions. The Radicals, if they have a majority, refuse to take the oath. Which party are you willing to trust?

Remember if you elect a majority of Conservatives to the Convention, they will make such alterations in the constitution, as they may think the public interests require, and their work will be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. If the Radicals get a majority, they can foist upon you the Civil Rights Bill, tax you to pay the fraudulent debt of millions which they contracted, ruin the State, and then refuse to submit their work back to the people for their approval. Are the white men of North Carolina willing to run such a risk?

The Radical party is aiming to carry North Carolina now, to be able to claim it certain for the Republican candidate for the Presidency next year. Let Democrats block it to game.

COUNTY EXPENSES.

The record shows clearly that the aggregate for the entire county expenses for a term of five years, under the good old system, was \$20,301.87 (twenty thousand, three hundred and one dollars and eighty-seven cents.)

From the above sum there was expended for school purposes, \$1,300 each year, which must be subtracted from the above sum, which will leave for county purposes alone under the old system, the sum of \$13,801.87, making a difference in favor of the old system for the term of five years, the sum of \$33,551.

It will be found that these sums when added will make an aggregate for the entire county expenses for a term of five years, under the old system of \$20,301.87.

Let us now see what it has cost the people of the county to run their county government for five years under the new system.

We set in by reference to the settlement book of the clerk of the county commissioners' court. The settlement with the sheriff as recorded there shows that for the year 1870 the sheriff is charged for county purposes alone, exclusive of all expenditures for public schools.

For the year 1870, \$ 5,306.56
" " 1871, 7,788.67
" " 1872, 10,344.41
" " 1873, 11,873.98
" " 1874, 12,039.16

Aggregate for five years \$47,352.78

Thus it appears that under the new Constitution the people of Forsyth pay the enormous sum of about \$33,550 for each five years more than it required to carry on the business of the county under the old constitution.

FOREIGN NEWS.

London dates of July 28th, state that fifty factories closed in Ashton, by which eight thousand operatives were thrown out of employment. Thirty-one factories closed at Dundee, throwing 12,000 persons out of employment. In Oldham, only six out of 192 mills are working.

The daily News, London, special dates of July 26, from Lisbon, report droughts in several districts of the province of Minho have destroyed the crops and pastures. The cattle are dying of hunger. Local authorities report it to be impossible to collect taxes in many places. An attempt to do so they fear would cause insurrection. Accounts from Algarve show a similar state of affairs in that province. The Government is sending relief to the afflicted sections.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Elections occur this year in the following order:

Kentucky.....Monday, August 2.
California.....Wednesday, Sept. 1.
Arkansas.....Monday, Sept. 6.
Maine.....Monday, Sept. 13.
Iowa.....Tuesday, October 12.
Ohio.....Tuesday, October 12.
Virginia.....Tuesday, November 2.
Kansas.....Tuesday, November 2.
Maryland.....Tuesday, November 2.
Massachusetts.....Tuesday, November 2.
Mississippi.....Tuesday, November 2.
Minnesota.....Tuesday, November 2.
Missouri.....Tuesday, November 2.
New York.....Tuesday, November 2.
New Jersey.....Tuesday, November 2.
Pennsylvania.....Tuesday, November 2.
Texas.....Tuesday, December 7.

The States that vote next are these: In August North Carolina and Alabama vote for delegates to a Constitutional Convention; Kentucky holds the regular State election. In September California and Maine have State elections; those are followed by Ohio and Iowa on the 12th of October.

READ THIS WITHOUT FAULT.

It is a fact that in every county in the State where the Conservative party has been in power, the counties are out of debt, and their paper is readily taken at face value, and a number of them have from ten to twenty thousand dollars in bank. And in every county where the Radical party has been in power, the county scrip has been at a discount, and nearly every county has asked for a special tax to feed and fatten the corrupt officials who hold the offices. These are facts.—Raleigh Sentinel.

WIFE MURDER.—On the 21st ult., a man named Jackson Hunt, who resides in Tillee Mountain, in Tenn., not far from the North Carolina State line, shot and killed his wife Margaret, the daughter of Clem Davis, who resides on Hanging Dog Creek, Cherokee County, six miles from Murphy. Hunt had been on a spree for several days, and Sunday and Monday previous to the murder he whipped his wife unmercifully. Smarting under this treatment, she left home to seek the protection of her father's roof. On the route she stopped at the house of her husband's sister, where he overtook her and demanded to know why she had not gone on. Her reply was that she would start as soon as she got ready. He then drew a pistol and shot her through the arm, breaking the bone. He walked towards the door, when she told him he need not leave, as he had killed her. Upon this he turned on her again, when his sister caught his arm, and tried to hold him; but he shook her off and fired at his victim, the ball entering the left breast, just below the nipple. The unfortunate woman fell upon the bed and died instantly. The murderer then sought the home of his mother, whom he informed of what he had done. Here he wept bitterly, complained of a pain in his side, and said he believed he was going to die. In a short time he had so far recovered as to flee from the neighborhood, but was soon overhauled by the Sheriff and his posse near Madisonville, Tenn. Hunt was married last fall, his wife being but 16 years of age. Her father, who is regarded as a desperate man, as soon as he learned of the crime, shouldered his rifle and went in pursuit of the criminal. He is now under strong guard to prevent him from taking the life of Hunt.—Asheville Pioneer.

His Excellency, Gov. Brogden, resided the Weldon bridge murderers, Cornelius Williams, et al., in consequence of the decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of C. L. Harris, so licitor to the Court. The abbreviated opinion reads: "petition for the writ of habeas corpus for a prisoner under sentence of death to testify before the grand jury in regard to indictments against him is accomplices; allowed."—News.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

FOR ELECTION MORNING READING.

BEWARE OF FALSE REPORTS TO-DAY!

Will you stay away from the polls and let the Civil Rights party control the Convention, which will, most assuredly, be held.

REMEMBER, that, although a Federal Judge in Tennessee decided the Civil Rights bill unconstitutional, he did so upon the grounds that the regulation of such matters belongs exclusively to the States. If a State makes such a law it is constitutional. Now if the white men of North Carolina are opposed to having Civil Rights in their Constitution let them vote the Conservative Democratic ticket, in this county for Joseph Masten.

The Radical party, while in power, spent more of the people's money in two years than the Conservative party did in four years.

When the civil rights bill was the subject of excitement, the leaders of the Republican party asserted that no such bill could become a law. Nevertheless it did become a law. Is not this enough to create at least a strong doubt as to the intentions of these same leaders now, in the contest before us?

The Convention is really a necessity, as successful legislation, in many instances, cannot be had until a change is made, as the Constitution is so complicated and confused that some parts of it frequently conflict with others. The expense of the Convention will be more than saved by the decrease of taxes.

If the Republican leaders and strikers tell you that this or that prominent man of this county, of the Conservative Democratic party, is opposed to the Convention, don't you believe it. Attempts at that game have already been made.

The leaders of the Radical party say, if they can obtain a majority in the Convention, they will redistrict the State so as to give them power for the next thirty years.

Every Republican will be at the polls to-day. Let no true Conservative or Democrat be absent, but turn out and vote as if the election depended on his vote. It will not mend matters, after the election, to be sorry you did not vote.

The leaders of the Republican party, in this county say, "it don't matter what they say or print, whether its false or true, in election times." The people of the Republican party do not approve of such conduct, we know, and will put their seal of condemnation upon it at the ballot-box to-day, thereby teaching the politicians a wholesome lesson.

The negroes demanded the passage of the Civil Rights bill, and they got it. The negroes in the Eastern part of the State now demand more showing in the State Constitution, for instance, Civil Rights and Mixed Schools.

Remember the Radical Legislature involved the State in debt \$16,000,000 by bribery and corruption. Are you willing to sell every honest man in the State to pay that fraudulent debt, that has never benefited you a cent? If you are you can vote the Radical ticket.

Remember that the Radical dodge about adjournment is a grand humbug, pronounced by Judge Pearson, a Radical Supreme Court Judge, to be REVOLUTIONARY. It is only a trick to catch the votes of Conservatives who were opposed to calling a Convention at this time.

Remember the Republicans have nominated negroes in Warren, Halifax, Edgecombe, New Hanover, Chowan and other counties to frame a Constitution for you and your children to live under. The only way to defeat that party and place your State in the hands of white men, is to vote the Democratic Conservative ticket.

If you are for Civil Rights and negro rule, vote the Radical ticket? What true white man will hesitate?

The object of the Civil Rights bill was to put the poor white child by the side of the negro. The Radicals will force this upon us if they control the Convention.

Remember, when the Radicals talk to you about the expense of a Convention, that the only Radical Legislature that ever assembled in North Carolina, voted themselves seven dollars a day, and voted the State in debt for nothing, \$16,000,000, which is more than the State owed before for all her improvements, and for all past time put together. Do you want such a party to rule your country again? If not, go to the election and be sure to vote the Conservative ticket.

John Page, negro Radical candidate for Convention in the East, says:

If the Republicans get hold of the Convention, we intend to give the white folks hell, damn them. We will have no such thing as a color distinction in anything."

A. A. Campbell, white Radical candidate for Convention in the West, says he

"Endorses the Civil Rights bill, only it is not strong enough."

S. M. Watts, Radical Judge and canvasser for the Radical party, says:

"He is in favor of the Civil Rights Bill, and thanks his God that it has passed."

Thomas M. Argo, a Raleigh Radical, now canvassing the West, when asked what good it would do his party to win the Convention, as it was under promise to adjourn and go home without doing anything, said:

"Yes, we will do something. We will get-murder the State so you'll never touch it again!"

Do not forget what the Radical Executive Committee say in the secret address: "REPUBLICANS SHOULD NOT INTERFERE THAT THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL IS WRONG IN PRINCIPLE."

The bill to call a Convention was introduced by a prominent Republican, an ex-Judge,—a native Carolinian, and both Republicans and Conservatives passed the Bill.

LIST OF LETTERS, REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE AT SALEM, N. C., Aug. 1st, 1875.

Miss Margaret Crook, Miss Mattie J. Hester, Miss Sallie C. Jones, Miss Anna Lee, care of James Tronson, (col.) Miss Sarah E. Rominger, Miss S. S. Sullivan.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.
John O. Adkins, Thompson or D. Smith, William Dodd, Jun., Nathl H. Dodd, Wm. Jackson Farris, Ronkin Post, Edward Grimstead, Absalom Hagee, G. H. Hansbrough, Alex. Hepler, (col.) Edward Johnson, William Linville, Dr. T. P. Littlebrant, George W. Moore, J. G. Neill, Dorsey Proctor, William E. Payne, W. J. Rominger, Wiles Roadhouse, S. M. & J. S. Rierson, James B. Swain, Levi Smith, A. A. Sleighton, John Tysinger, Hubbard Thompson, Thomas Vann, care Rev. Davis, Henry White, Elijah W. Willis.
H. W. SHORE, P. M.

TERRIBLE STORM AT GENEVA.—DEVASTATION BY ICE IN MIDSUMMER.

Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope writes from Geneva as follows of the storm of July 8th:

At about 8 o'clock a few heavy drops began to fall. And at the same time the whole circumference of the horizon began to be fitfully illuminated by flashes of sheet lightning. But there was no thunder. Once only during the entire night was there one terrific clap of thunder, and that was when the storm was just over, a terrible sort of announcement that the work of the tempest was done. The lightning gradually increased in intensity, and lost its character of fitfulness. It became, indeed, actually and without exaggeration, continuous. The entire atmosphere seemed to be an element of flame. The city and every object in it was enveloped in the flashing light. All movement of the air in the streets. At about 11 o'clock it was observed that many small objects which happened to be lying on the roofs of the houses began to feel the wind. They were caught up and whirled around as by a cyclone. And still there was no movement of air in the streets. And this continued till as nearly as possible midnight. By that hour all Geneva, a population of early habits, had gone to bed. But on the night of the 7th of July they did not rest, main there long. At midnight the tempest came. It came mainly from the Jura range and from the southwest travelling in that direction toward the basin of Lake Lemano, it seemed, and the accuracy of the observation has since been verified, that the path of the storm, as it came up the valley of the Rhone toward Geneva was very narrow in extent. But as it neared the lake it seemed to spread out into a fan-like form with a front sufficiently wide to embrace the entire city.

Few of the citizens of Geneva will forget the ten minutes which followed that midnight. It did not last much longer than ten minutes—from that to a quarter of an hour—but what ten minutes it was! The *Mausolus quart d'heure* of Rabelais with a vengeance! At the end of it the city of Geneva was wrecked as no army of besiegers could have wrecked it in the same space of time. It came with the suddenness of a thunderclap. Only for a few minutes previously there had been a warning voice, which those who heard it describe to have been a terrible one—which was not the sound of wind even when it blows its hardest, which was not the sound of thunder; but a kind of strange, hollow, angry growl, with an ever increasing force. Then just on the stroke of twelve came the bodily presence of the storm itself. It came in the shape hardly of a hail-storm in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but in that of an almost compact mass or sheet of ice, driven horizontally before the tempest blast. In the first instant, every gasp in the streets of Geneva, save here and there one capriciously spared by reason of some protecting roof, was smashed to atoms and extinguished. But the city was not in darkness, for the masses of coagulated hail, which already were lying on the pavements of the streets, reflected the blue light of the lightning in a ghastly and ominous manner. Geneva is a city which displays an especially large extent of window glass. The process of its manufacture of watch work and jewelry need abundant light; and most of the large factories display almost as much glass as wall. They are mostly, too, at the tops of the houses, and thus more completely exposed to the fury of the storm. At the first blast of the tempest the windows of these houses were smashed into myriads of fragments. Geneva is especially also a city of skylights, and these, it is hardly necessary to say, were as though they had never been. The windows of dwelling-houses were forced from their fastenings, besides having all the glass shivered; and bedrooms and staircases and saloons were thus thrown open to the storm, and in a minute or two half filled with masses of ice, far beyond the immediate power of the inhabitants to remove. For the storm was marked by this peculiarity, that the hailstones, or ice-fragments rather, compacted themselves into one solid mass as soon as they fell. Accurate inquiry enables me to state, without fear of exaggeration, that the greater part of the hailstones before they fell were about the size of chestnuts or walnuts; a smaller quantity was no larger than hazel-nuts, and large numbers were as big as the largest size fowls' eggs. One was picked up at mid-day on the following day, and found to weigh two pounds.

As for the consternation which reigned throughout the city, when the people sprang from their beds at the alarm of such an awakening, it may be fancied, and the scenes which occurred may be more easily imagined than described.

Bad, however, as matters have been in the city, that is the least part of the misfortune.—The worst is in the immediate environs of the city. Geneva is surrounded by pleasure gardens and vineyards and market gardens. And these have been destroyed as if by a charge of cavalry had passed over them. Here the damage done involves the ruin and despair of the poor and industrious peasants, who have invested the persevering labor of years in the soil, and whose all is now taken from them as if it had been sunk under the bottom of the sea.—New York Tribune.

Duncan, Sherman & Co., have suspended, throwing Wall street into a feverish excitement.

The consolidated Virginia silver mine of Virginia City, Nev., is now yielding more than a million dollars worth of silver per month, and the stock sells at \$430. The stock of no other company in that mining district is quoted higher than \$83 per share.

DEATH OF GEN. PICKETT.—Gen. Geo. E. Pickett, a distinguished general in the Confederate service, died on the 31st July, after a brief illness, aged fifty.

EXECUTIVE ORDER.
WASHINGTON, Aug. 1, 1871.
The following Executive order has been issued:

WASHINGTON, July 31, 1875.
It becomes the painful duty of the President to announce to the people of the United States the death of Andrew Johnson, the survivor of his honored predecessors, which occurred in Carter county, East Tennessee, at an early hour this morning.

The solemnity of the occasion which called him to the Presidency, with the varied nature and length of his public services, will cause him to be long remembered, and occasion mourning for the death of a distinguished public servant.

As a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several departments of the government at Washington be draped in mourning until the close of the day designated for the funeral, and that all public business be suspended on that day.

It is further ordered that the War and Navy Departments cause suitable honors to be paid on the occasion to the memory of the illustrious dead.

By the President,
JOHN L. CADWALADER,
Acting Secretary of State.

SUMMER BOOKS.

New and Beautiful Editions of
Taylor's King David,
Spurgeon's Types and Emblems,
Chamber of Peace,
King's Great South.

British and American Poets,
with a complete assortment of
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THE DANVILLE TIMES.

This is a Democratic Weekly Paper, established in 1865, having an extensive circulation in all the Virginia and North Carolina counties around Danville. Price \$2 a year; \$1 for six months; 50 cents for three months. Specimen copies forwarded upon application. Address,
P. BOLDIN,
Editor and Proprietor.

DEATH OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

GREENVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1875.
This morning at an early hour the streets of our usually quiet village were alive with people wearing an indescribable look of expectancy and solemnity, portentous of some dire calamity. Though dressed in their usual Sunday garb, there was yet none of that feeling or serenity which usually prevails on the day of rest; but, instead, an expression of sadness was on almost every countenance, and well might this be. At that early hour a million of his countrymen had gathered the sorrowful tidings, borne on the lightning's wings from the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the far western plains, of "Andrew Johnson's death," and his lifeless body was being brought back to the home of his choice, among the people with whom he had cast his lot, and who had witnessed his wonderful career from the tailor's bench to the White House. And his neighbors and friends had assembled to receive with honor and respect the lifeless form of him who but a few days ago had moved among them in the vigor of health and manhood.

On the arrival of the train at seven o'clock the remains were taken charge of by the Masonic fraternity, and placed on the bier prepared for their reception, which was draped in black, even the spokes and hubs of the wheels being covered with the sombre habiliments of woe.

THE PROCESSION
then moved down Depot street to Main, thence to the residence of the deceased, where the body was removed from the coffin and placed in a beautiful silver mounted casket, lined with white satin, being meanwhile enfolded in a beautiful silken national flag, while in one hand was the constitution, thus complying with his oft repeated request that the flag of his country should be his winding sheet and in his hand should be placed the sacred instrument he so much revered in life. The banner was the gift of Perez Dickinson, of Knoxville, an old and esteemed friend of Mr. Johnson. The casket bore the simple inscription:—

ANDREW JOHNSON.
Born 1808.

As is known, the ex-President died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Brown, in Carter county, about forty miles from this place and distant from the railroad six miles, and in order to meet the southern bound train this morning at Carter's depot the remains were brought over at twelve o'clock last night. They were accompanied by his son, Andrew Johnson, Jr., and his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, his other daughter, Mrs. Brown, remaining behind on account of the feeble health of her mother, who has been an invalid for years and who took her husband's death very much to heart. For several weeks Mr. Johnson's health has not been as good as usual; but, thinking the pure air of the mountains would be beneficial he left for Carter county last Wednesday, riding over from the station in a hack. Shortly after reaching his daughter's residence he ate a hearty dinner, and soon afterward, while conversing with one of his grandchildren, he suddenly fell forward on the floor, and being assisted to rise indistinctly remarked that

HE WAS PARALYZED
on his left side. He was then placed in bed, but declined medical assistance for twenty-four hours. At length two local physicians, Drs. Jobe and Cameron, were called in, who at once commenced heroic treatment, which for a while appeared efficacious, but he gradually became worse, and on Friday night consciousness forsok him, notwithstanding the unremitting efforts of Drs. Taylor and Broyles, who, with his son, arrived an hour later from Greenville, and at half-past two Saturday morning he calmly

BREATHED HIS LAST
surrounded by his family. Knoxville requested the honor of burying the illustrious dead, but the family are unwilling that his remains should be removed from home anywhere, unless, possibly, to the capital of the State he had long served. Extensive preparations are being made by various civic and military organizations to attend

THE FUNERAL.
here, where they will be joined by the citizens of this and adjoining counties. Special trains are also expected from Washington, New York, Cincinnati and other cities, while excursion trains will run from both ends of the line on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad. It was the desire of a large number of his friends to delay the funeral until Wednesday; but in consequence of the warm weather decomposition has already commenced, and the undertaker thinks it will be necessary to close the casket to-morrow morning.

THE BURIAL PLACE
is on a high hill, a short distance from town, and was long since selected by the deceased as the place where he desired to rest. Manifestations of sorrow along the line of the railroad and telegraph are general. The City Council of Knoxville passed

RESOLUTIONS OF SORROW
at the death of the great commoner, and the bells of Elizabethan were tolled and business suspended on receiving the sad intelligence.—From 5,000 to 10,000 persons, it is thought, will be present at the funeral, which will be conducted with Masonic honors, on Tuesday morning next, at ten o'clock.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 1, 1875.

The *Advocate* this morning appears with its column rules reversed, as a mark of respect to the late ex-President Johnson, and an appeal urging a mass meeting of the citizens to express regret at his death.

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The solemnity of the occasion which called him to the Presidency, with the varied nature and length of his public services, will cause him to be long remembered, and occasion mourning for the death of a distinguished public servant.

As a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several departments of the government at Washington be draped in mourning until the close of the day designated for the funeral, and that all public business be suspended on that day.

It is further ordered that the War and Navy Departments cause suitable honors to be paid on the occasion to the memory of the illustrious dead.

By the President,
JOHN L. CADWALADER,
Acting Secretary of State.

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Salem Lodge, No. 18, Knights of Pythias,
meet every Wednesday night, at 8 o'clock.

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